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The Commonweal

August 26, 1949

The British Crisis

J. L. Benvenisti

Threshold or Interior

H. A. Reinhold

Loyalty Affidavits

Francis Downing

VOLUME L

15c

NUMBER 20

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Next Week

VIRGINIA'S GOVERNOR, by Lawrence T. King, diagnoses the August primary in the Old Dominion and what the results mean to the Byrd machine's continued domination. This primary marked the first time in years that this political machine had been seriously challenged. Mr. King also clearly assesses the virtues and evils of the one-party system so characteristic of our South as it has worked out in this key state.

ITALY AND THE EXCOMMUNICATIONS, by Jean C. de Menasce, tells of reactions by various groups in Italy to the recent condemnation of Communists by the Holy Office. He interprets the varying feelings of Communists, Socialists, capitalists and Catholics as well as of the unorganized masses.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT. Next week's comment by John C. Cort is the second in a new series.

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The
COMMONWEAL

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Midwest Stock Exchange

STRAIGHT ENVY is not the reason for the opprobrium which the term "Wall Street" carries with it in most sections of this country. It is rather the knowledge that when an American corporate enterprise seeks to set up shop or wants funds to expand, it is almost bound to come to the nation's financial capitol for the money. Last year, in fact, the New York Stock and Curb Exchanges accounted for 86 percent of the shares of securities sold in the United States.

With this consciousness of dependence for funds on Wall Street often goes an even deeper resentment. The feeling is strong in the South and West that while local enterprise does the work, it is New York which reaps the profits. Wall Street is the capitol of the American economic empire, the actual producers constitute colonies which are exploited.

Against this background the opening this fall of a regional securities exchange in Chicago has notable potentialities. The Cleveland, St. Louis and St. Paul-Minneapolis securities exchanges have voted to merge with Chicago. Cincinnati has the same move under favorable advisement and Detroit, Pittsburgh and New Orleans are considering joining up.

The new multi-city exchange will specialize in stocks of midwestern corporations but will also trade in many issues now on the New York board. Actual buying and selling of the securities will take place in Chicago with which the other cities are to be linked by teletype.

At the outset this is to be a comparatively small-time operation. As intimated earlier, the pooled operations of the eight cities involved (if all of them decide to participate) are in an entirely different category from Wall Street, which at present sells thirty-three times as many shares as the exchanges in Chicago, Cleveland et al. combined.

The hope is that the operations of the new multi-city exchange will expand rapidly. Securities of local companies on its list, being quoted in eight large cities, need no longer go begging for salesmen and customers. Inactive smaller issues can be taken away from diffident New York. Local pride itself will take a hand in building up this trade. (Since the Philadelphia and Baltimore exchanges merged several months ago, their combined sales have held up considerably better than Wall Street sales figures.)

One advantage of all this is that the ability of businesses in the region to float their issues on the new exchange will make the ownership and control of American enterprise considerably more localized. Stockholders can take a personal interest in industrial operations and company policies in their vicinity. This makes for a greater sense of responsibility all round.

Moreover, the possibilities suggested by this merger may be even greater for the nation as a whole. As it is now there are only two focuses of power in the United States: Washington, D. C., and Wall Street, N. Y. A strong midwest exchange would counterbalance this dangerous concentration. If it should lead to the setting up of similar ventures at least in the South and on the fast-growing Pacific Coast, economic and financial power would be much more healthfully distributed.

The Hoover Lament

PRESENT-DAY Americans are not wont to pay much heed to elder statesmen. When the man in question is a defeated candidate, his words carry even less weight. If they express sentiments which the man has asserted repeatedly, it becomes increasingly difficult to gain attention. Factors such as these have militated against nationwide consideration of the warning enounced by Herbert Hoover at Stanford University on his seventy-fifth birthday. Only the fact that his diagnosis bore relation to the impressively voluminous report of his reorganiza-

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tion Commission lent his remarks some added weight.

Little question has been raised as to Mr. Hoover's simplified statistics—even the charge that one out of every 7 Americans are receiving government monies regularly now (as compared with one out of 40 twenty years ago) has not been seriously challenged.

Those who attack the Hoover figures content themselves with arguing that with the two wars and the present cold war, the bulk of such expenditures is unavoidable. If Mr. Hoover had gone to specific detail, a useful debate might have ensued as to the identity of the "desirable things" which he would "defer for a while." Government expenditures took their first big leap in the early 1930's, with an emergency at hand. Unhappily because no solutions were found, that emergency lasted right down to the war itself, which again hiked government expenditures to unparalleled new levels.

Likewise, even with economies ordinarily beyond the virtues of political Washington, staggering sums will still be required. Yet Mr. Hoover performs a service in questioning so sharply the bland assumption that there are no dangers in the present scale or in spending increasingly more.

What is most important about his speech, however, is his charge that attacking national problems by spending means "power, more power, more centralization in the hands of the state." Under the present set-up that is undeniable. Yet it is one aspect of the matter which least troubles the Administration and its supporting press. Plans for a welfare state hardly serve as a conscious "disguise for a totalitarian state" here and now, but the connection between the two cannot safely be ignored.

"Local" Insurrection in Greece

AS THE Greek Nationalists continue to break up rebel resistance in the Grammos and Vitsi Mountains, the civil war has reached such a point that General Van Fleet, of the US military mission there, says that "Communism has definitely lost the battle for Greece," although considerable fighting remains. This statement will no doubt disappoint the pseudo-liberals who have followed the Soviet line that Russia has just been standing by watching local guerrillas upset the "reactionary" National Government, much as she was a disinterested spectator of "agrarian reform" in China.

How hollow this propaganda is has been made embarrassingly public as a sort of by-product of Marshal Tito's feud with Russia. When Tito was an orthodox Kremlin man, the Greek guerrillas were supplied through the Yugoslav border. Now that Tito is cultivating the West, he has agreed to close those supply routes. Moscow therefore blames the Greek Communist defeats on Tito, while he, in retaliation, declares that the Cominform has cut off aid to the Greek Communists just to make it appear that he, Tito, is really responsible and that he is a villainous conspirator who should be assassinated.

The upshot of all this is that it should be obvious to the most conveniently blind partisan that Russia, through the Cominform, has been all along instigating the "local" insurrection in Greece. Both Tito and the Cominform now implicitly uncover the Soviet tactics. One of the consequences to the Russians of Tito's heresy is that it has cost them the conquest of Greece.

In that country there are now about 500,000 refugees driven from their homes by the fighting. The resettlement of these refugees and the rehabilitation of towns and farms, together with Government reforms, are the heavy assignments ahead for the Nationalists in their long fight for independence. Their success with reconstruction will depend greatly on American aid. If in China our policy of resistance to Soviet aggression is frustrated, there should be no doubt now and no vague "liberal" reservations about what to do to assure national sovereignty for the Greek people.

German Election

WHEN 78 PER CENT of all eligible West German voters elected a lower house for the National Parliament of their new Federal Republic, they passed from military subjugation to limited self-rule and began again what has been historically a painful process for the world community, the formation of an integrated German state. Since the Christian Democratic Union, a party advocating de-centralized government and a relatively free enterprise economy, won more seats than the Social Democrats, who want a strong central government and a mildly socialized economy, the CDU, in coalition with smaller free-enterprise parties, is expected to put West Germany on the conservative—or so-called "rightist"—side of European socialism. Whether or not such a coalition can stand against the doctrinaire opposition of the Social Democrats is the immediate question in German politics.

With a desperate housing shortage, unemployment and the assimilation of 11,000,000 refugees from eastern Germany as the first order of business, democratic government will get a stiff test from the start. The cost of failure in these economic and social crises in most European, social-democratic countries, is the specter of Communism waiting to take over. In Germany Communism has been losing appeal since its repudiation in the Berlin election of December, 1948; this

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time the Communists won only 5.7 per cent of the votes. It is increasingly clear that German national animosity for the Russians is such that Communism can hope to take Germany only through violent revolution or aggression.

Most Western observers of the pre-election campaign were worried about another threat to democratic government, the re-emergence of German nationalism. As vote-getting speeches got warmer, there was a discomforting tone in them—such as Social Democratic leader Dr. Schumacher's statement: "Never have the relations between the Allies and the Germans been worse than they are today. I have to be nationalistic because I have to defend the last bit of German soil." It seemed that in pressing for votes the politicians felt it necessary to appeal again to the inner motives of German pride. What they said was not altogether demagogic or unjustified, but let run wild such sentiments could throw the center of Europe back to the 30's.

John McCloy, the American High Commissioner, does not view this trend with any alarm. However, with the Germans defying the Russians and visibly unhappy with the Western powers, the possibility that they will fall back on an arrogant and independent nationalism, especially in the event that the newly elected coalition collapses, cannot be taken lightly. The election campaign is warning enough. For that reason the West has a heavy stake in the success of the new Federal Republic and its coalition government.

In setting up this Republic, the West intends "that the German people shall enjoy self-government to the maximum possible degree consistent with the occupation." Eventually even the occupation will end, if Germany is to be a free nation. Thus the Allies themselves ultimately are gambling on a reformed German nationalism. By this time, experience should have made it clear to us that the gamble is a losing bet unless German nationalism, with that of every European country, is contained and coalesced in an association of free peoples, such as the Council of Europe now meeting at Strasbourg.

The Bomber Investigation

IN THE Congressional inquiry into B-36 purchases the Air Force presented its case well. The decision to order the bombers appears to have been taken for good and considered reasons. So the point of the inquiry is no longer alleged dishonesty, but has been reduced to one of the disagreements on policy which have plagued the Military Establishment since 1946: Should the primary weapon of the United States be the strategic bomber?

The Navy has yet to present its arguments. They will probably be more of an assertion of the Navy interpretation of strategic bombing, than a questioning of this one-weapon theory. Finding the policy that is both militarily and politically wise in spite of tons of propaganda on the subject is the hellish problem. It is far too simple either to reject the Air Force case, or to throw unqualified support behind it, as do some congressmen. The simple devotion of these men to the seventy group air force as a solution to all problems (a state of mind that can be interpreted as a new and more subtle isolationism) is positively frightening. A reliance upon one instrument in a military and political struggle is too easy. In fact it is so obviously oversimplified that it seems insulting to impute it to military planners. But the Air Force enthusiasts have laid themselves open, and such military writers as Hanson Baldwin strenuously attack the idea that we would be able decisively to affect a country like Russia by strategic bombing. Baldwin quotes General Chennault's statements that he is appalled at Air Force reliance on unescorted bombers, when the experience of the last war was so strongly against such a policy. Finally, from the viewpoint of the person concerned with the moral implications of saturation and atomic bombing this single-minded Air Force enthusiam is disquieting.

Forestry Smoke "Jumpers"

THE TRAGIC deaths of twelve young parachutists in the mountainous timberland of Montana drew nation-wide attention to the remarkable group of fire-fighters built up by the United States Forest Service in the past ten years. The group comprises a hand-picked élite of some two hundred men, able to reach a forest fire in an inaccessible region in a matter of minutes. When they are not actually stopping fires, they are engaged in clearing trails and other physical labor which keeps them physically at a peak. When they drop from the sky in their quick-opening parachutes, they have with them an impressive aggregate of handy equipment which, with their special training, has enabled them to save the nation hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. Many of them are forestry students gaining invaluable practical experience for their important life work.

Apparently the Montana fire had not been spotted in time. It was a raging inferno. Trees were exploding and flames leaping from cliff to cliff, while a terrific compound of heat and pressure had been built up. The fifteen "smoke jumpers" landed safely but when the wind changed they were "enveloped in flames;" only three survived by crouching all night on a cliff under a rock-pile in an area they had themselves burned out. This first loss of life in the ten years of fire-fighting by Forest Service parachutists will inevitably contribute to the saving of other American lives.

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The British Crisis

A British observer gives a possible explanation of his nation's distress

J. L. Benvenisti

DESPITE the space they have received in the press, I doubt whether the full significance of recent British happenings is grasped in America. The dollar crisis is much more than a temporary setback. It is a danger signal. That signal may be heeded, or again it may not. In the latter case Britain is heading for inexorable disaster.

For clarity's sake I must restate the elements of the British problem. They are really very simple. Britain, a small, densely populated island, is more dependent than any country in the world on successful trade in the world's markets. *In proportion to that dependence Britain must, if she is to survive, excel all others in competitive power and adaptability to changing demand.*

During the nineteenth century a variety of circumstances postponed the emergence of this fundamental fact. It is now emerging with a vengeance. So far from measuring up to it however, Britain has now for a number of years been falling behind in the race. To counteract this insufficiency, she has used her bargaining power as the world's greatest importer to surround herself with a fence of trading arrangements. Under these a number of countries are gently constrained to buy from her in return for adequate access to the British market.

Unfortunately this system is proving inadequate for two reasons. First, the countries in question cannot supply all Britain's requirements. Secondly the attractions of such an arrangement will not permanently tempt countries to remain within it, if the disparity in price and quality between British and other goods remains too great. In the last resort the logic of facts cannot be circumvented. Britain must be competitive or starve.

In fairness it must be said that low competitive ability in manufactured goods is not the only source of Britain's immediate trouble. There is the decline in price and demand for some of her colonial products, and there is the American tariff. But even without these things, her general inability to compete in a buyer's market still remains the essence of her difficulty. That is no longer in dispute.

There are several causes of this fatal weakness. First, and for the moment most intractable, is deficient capital equipment. Britain has about fifty per cent less capital invested per head than America. She is, as most people know, a more costly producer because she is less mechanized.

This defect which can be, and is, partially offset by what compared with America are lower wages might gradually be remedied over a period of time, but there are other dangers which, if they persist, will cripple her for good and all.

★

THE blunt truth of the matter is that, instead of rising, British productivity is falling. This simple fact has tended to be obscured by the circumstance that there has been in some, though not in all, industries an increase in the output per man-hour. This increase however has again been offset by a widespread fall in the number of hours worked per week, and though the two processes have not always taken place in the same industry, it is obvious that if spread over a sufficiently large area, the one must inevitably tend to neutralize the other.

If for example I reduce my hours from 48 to 40, a reduction of approximately 16%, and increase my productivity per hour worked by 10%, it needs neither a Keynes nor an Einstein to see that my output over a given period of time will be smaller than before. If on top of all this I demand, and receive, the same, let alone an increased real wage per week, then something has got to burst somewhere, and the thing that will burst will be the price-level—upward.

The figures I have given above are of course merely illustrative. There are, so far as I can ascertain, no figures of the average weekly hours worked per man and woman in Britain, nor do I know whether anybody has had his hours reduced by the exact amount of the illustration, but hours have most certainly been reduced in a significant number of industries with falling output as a result. The consequence has been that, despite rising wages, prices have risen faster so that a man must work more weeks than before the war to buy pretty well any unsubsidized article.

It was recently stated by *The Economist* that a man must now work 213 weeks, as against 112 prewar, to buy a house; 55 weeks as against

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39 prewar, to buy the cheapest automobile; 17½ as against 11½ prewar for the cheapest motor cycle; and 7 days as against 5 for the cheapest suit. Nor is there a jot of evidence that this is due to usury, profiteering, middlemen, or to any other phantasm of the amateur sociologist—indeed under the present rigid system of controls it would be extremely difficult for such causes to operate—or that it is due to any other factor than that here predicated: low productivity. Add to this low productivity the steady upward pressure on wages and you have the cause of our malady in a nutshell.

America, it is true, was recently showing similar symptoms. At any rate there was the same inflationary drive towards higher wages and shorter hours, and this I daresay resulted in some cases in a lower per-man-week production. But America can stand a great deal of this kind of thing without courting downright catastrophe.

The British case is altogether different. If we cannot sell our goods abroad, in particular if we cannot sell them in the dollar area, we shall not only get unemployment through lack of materials, but the nation will be cut off from a great part of its food supplies.

We then shall either have to subsist on American charity or give up eating.

★

HERE THEN is the situation towards which Britain is driving, and we will do well to ask just how and why it has arisen. It certainly did not happen because the British working man is idle, dissolute or allergic to conscientious effort. It happened because of a kind of mass illusion that overtook the British people during and after the war—an illusion enthusiastically sponsored by the pseudo-intellectuals and by a host of other well meaning but imperfectly oriented people, each of whom had his own specification for remaking the universe.

Perhaps it was all bound to happen. Perhaps no nation could have endured the agony of six years of total war without some such flight from reality. But the flight from reality occurred. Instead of facing and examining the horrid facts of their position, instead of scrutinizing their balance of trade, which even before the war had been slowly but steadily declining, the British nation—or a great part of it—abandoned itself to an ideological brainstorm. The minds of British people went back to prewar insufficiency and slums, to the sickening memories of that depression-born misery which was certainly not alleviated and prevented as effectively and intelligently as it might have been, and determined that they had not fought a war in order just to return to that. Unfortunately hardly anybody was there to tell them that these things were, at least for the most part, the fruits of growing national impoverishment. It was therefore natural that they should form their own diagnosis, based largely on an insufficiently informed but very human resentment against the more fortunate few, and attribute their troubles to imperfectly specified defects in the social order. It was on this emotional tide that the Labor Party, which offered the most radical modification of that order, was swept into office.

The accent thus being on the form of the social order instead of on the less palatable facts of economics, it is not difficult to understand that now that the reform of the social order, and with it, presumably, social justice is in process of being achieved, the worker should not feel called to any drastic action or change of attitude on his own account.

On the contrary, if there are any fresh supplies of justice going around, he means to have some. And social justice as he, perhaps in common with a good many of us, interprets it means getting, and getting as of right, more of what a supposedly malignant influence has hitherto withheld: more money, more security, better housing, and above all more leisure. Till somebody makes him see that the whole original diagnosis was false, that he attributed his deficiency in these things to the wrong cause, he is likely to go on that way.

Shorter working week and wage inflation are not the only source of our trouble, however, nor for that matter is inadequate effort on the job, a phenomenon that is certainly not unknown at the moment in Britain, for I need hardly point out here that increased productivity is only partly, and sometimes not at all, a result of increased effort. It is chiefly a matter of improved organization and of the optimum use of your labor force, and that is just where you are liable to run slap bang up against the trade unions, or at any rate up against the trade union rank and file, on which the Labor Government depends. Anyone who knows the facts could tell stories of craftsmen having the sole right to jobs that could be done by a girl with four weeks training; of machines standing idle because there were no such craftsmen available; of the allocation of looms being needlessly restricted in certain areas to one per man, and so on.

Lest it be said however that I am singling out labor and the trade unions for exclusive blame, it is only fair to mention that some people see another side to the picture. For some time *The Economist* has been inveighing against the hindrance to efficiency in British industry provided by rings, cartels, price-fixing and other practices in restraint of competition. Though some of these arrangements are government-sponsored and government-recognized it is nevertheless very

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hard to document such charges as a whole since gentlemen's agreements, amicable understandings and the like have a notorious habit of blushing unseen. Nevertheless there is certainly something to the contention. Britain is undoubtedly very heavily cartelized, and unless all the things the textbooks say about monopoly are wrong, some of them must apply to Britain, and one thing the books say is that monopolies don't like risks.

Quite recently the paper produced an extraordinarily interesting analysis of one of the causes of this trend. The passage is worth quoting. Here it is:

> So seductive is the way of life which industrial Britain inherited from agrarian Britain that almost every industrialist has sought to make himself, in greater or less degree, a country gentleman. This has not been without gain to the community. But such a social system has dangers for a Britain which is confronted with the need to kindle its economic activity into white heat. It leads to the assumption that a man or a family or a business which has gone up in the world cannot possibly go down. A self-made man with a Cotswold manor house and a son at Eton is not likely to venture his fortune on a new technical improvement or to face with equanimity the thought of cutting his losses and starting again.

All this is certainly not wholly beside the mark, though I think that the cause here isolated is a secondary and not a primary one. The truth is, I believe that vigorous speculative activity flourishes when abundant natural resources provide the basis for abundant rewards. As the chances of such rewards decline, entrepreneurs tend to huddle together and play for safety, and that is what is happening in Britain.

★

TO RETURN to the main matter however, what is to be done — what *can* be done to get us out of the general mess? On the management side, if my general theory is correct, a return to genuine bold competitive enterprise seems not over-likely. The essential pre-conditions do not appear to be present. As far as labor is concerned, the outlook is at first sight equally depressing. The whole momentum of a century of trade union tradition is set against all that would make for recovery. The simple faith of the trade union rank and file (which is not always that of the leaders) that higher wages, shorter hours and a shorter working week are in all circumstances absolutely good, will be very hard, perhaps impossible, to undermine.

Because they are a very compact and homogenous people the British have an extraordinary capacity for responding to leadership. They have to a very high degree an aptitude for grasping and acting on a simple and sensible idea, once it is put compellingly before them. It is just possible that the elements of our problem may quite suddenly become intensely vivid in people's minds, and the notion of every pair of hands producing the maximum of value over the maximum period of time at the minimum of cost may suddenly sweep the nation, yes even if it means abandoning cherished trade union privileges.

That just conceivably may happen. It may happen sooner than people expect. I hope it does, for if that hope should prove misplaced, I see nothing ahead but rapid catastrophe.

Threshold or Interior

Through a vital liturgy, Catholics should go beyond externals to the mysteries of their religion

H. A. Reinhold

THE GENERAL public has a notion that the liturgical movement is a monastic affair, and the names of the Abbots Guéranger, Herwegen, Marmion and Schuster, together with such leaders as Dom Virgil Michel, Godfrey Diekmann, Lambert Beaudouin and the late great Odo Casel, seem to confirm this. These are all men whose life is liturgy, in rhythm, in philosophy and in spiritual inspiration. (We may add the Dominicans, who, after all, are originally canons regular and ordained above all to celebrate a solemn liturgy, quite apart from the fact that the great new center of the French liturgical movement is primarily staffed and run by *"Blackfriars"*). But somehow or other the interested public has got the idea that all this has nothing to do with the Jesuits.

Some people have even gone so far as to believe that because the Jesuits themselves, freed from the obligation to attend solemn choir—an innovation Saint Ignatius had a hard time to get approved—also have to be anti-liturgical. Since

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I have met anti-liturgical monks, priests and bishops, I would of course not be surprised to meet Jesuits who belonged to that large crowd of zealous, hard-working and solid Christians, who have not had the time to read *Mediator Dei,* the present Pope's encyclical, carefully; and then to become curious and to steal up to the library and read up a little more. But as a country pastor I don't sing Vespers myself and I discontinued sung Mass for three long months of desert heat and I do insist that I have no obligation to do otherwise; yet I consider myself an ardent advocate of a liturgical awakening of our masses. The very existence of Father John LaFarge, S.J., and his fondest child, the Liturgical Arts Society, and of Father Gerald Ellard, S.J., the "preceptor" of the American liturgical movement, should have dispersed the fog beclouding the strategic position of the "Battalion of Jesus" in the liturgical frontline.

★

THIS year's liturgical week in St. Louis, convened by the gracious invitation of Archbishop Ritter for August 22 to 26, and the great venture of Father Michael Mathis, C.S.C., now an annual feature of Notre Dame University, his "liturgical summer school," have added two names to the roster of Jesuits in this field. One is Father Josef Andreas Jungmann, S.J., of my own alma mater of Innsbruck in Austria, and the other Father Clifford Howell, S.J., of the English Province. Of Father Jungmann's great work, especially his monumental two volumes on the Mass, which seem to be for the liturgy what Blackstone used to be for law, much more will be heard as time goes on. His *Missarum Sollemnia* (Herder Co., Vienna) sums up all that has been done in historical and dogmatic research so far and, in many points single-handedly, moves ahead the lines of advance. Should a reform of the Mass come in the near future it will, if I may venture a bold statement, stand on the foundations Father Jungmann has unearthed.

I am also sure that the one-man popular liturgical movement and courageous advocate of more vernacular in the people's liturgy, Father Clifford Howell, of England, will soon be well known in American parishes. The "mute and silent spectators" at Mass, so much deplored and castigated by Pius XI, will certainly be a thing of the past, wherever this dynamic English Jesuit succeeds in creating a new experience of commonness in hitherto petrified parishes.

I wish the third man were here too! He was here a while ago, but the producers of "Joan of Arc" whisked him across the continent to act as chef for the flavor of the ecclesiastical scenes in that movie. I first heard of him in my seminary, where he appeared in the early twenties, a badly mauled French veteran in search of German veterans to establish a new Christian togetherness among recent enemy soldiers. The greatness of Paul Doncoeur, S.J.—I am speaking about him—lies in his combination of a warm heart and a penetrating mind. His recent articles on the Holy Eucharist, in *Orate Fratres,* with their frankness, their bold conclusions for a bettering of current practice and care to avoid scandal, will be a revelation to all, to many priests as much as to laymen.

The popular emphasis, as Father Doncoeur shows, is forever shifting on the periphery of this central "mystery-sacrament." The central aspect, the re-presentation of the Redemption and its incorporation by the Church and all its members in the sacred banquet, is no longer that of popular devotion, which clings to its fringes, hangs on to after-thoughts and deductions and savors what is peculiar to the human mind. It signifies death-sacrifice (separated species), food (bread and wine), oneness (the banquet); but the people, between a parallelogram of forces of heresy and apologetics, attack and rebuttal, curiosity and sentiment, imagination and abstraction, are moving on a tangent, emphasizing all the "and's;" and humanity, and divinity, and, and, until we have now piety centered around the tabernacle, not the sacrifice; the real presence, not the participating action; the how, the why—not the thing itself. Following the encyclical *Mediator Dei,* the great French Jesuit exposes our present dilemma step by step through history.

But apart from these badly needed statements on dogmatic and practical matters, the May issue of *Orate Fratres* brought an article which puts the finger on the real "why" of all the effort spent by the small minority who work for the liturgical movement:

"No one will question the necessity of proclaiming the 'glad tidings' . . . the pastor who crosses mountains to find the stray lamb . . . to introduce to the royal banquet halls the tramp from the highway, all the forms of the modern apostolate and of Catholic Action (press, movie, radio). . . . Apologetics and exegesis work together for the salvation of the world, building avenues of approach which lead to the *threshold* of the mystery. But what a tragic error it would be to consecrate all one's energies to this assembling of the masses, if then one neglected to introduce them into the *interior* of the temple where the mystery of redemption is accomplished."

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IS NOT that exactly what is being done in countless places? What priest has not instructed adults yearning for the truth, for its splendor, its liberating experience, to find it all climaxed at the end in the "inept forms that are

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mere archeological anachronisms: the ancient lengthy preparation of catechumens and their gradual meaningful initiation 'telescoped' into a kind of performance" viz. baptism, that puzzles the intelligent more than the ignorant, in its administration which "little conforms to the grandeur of the sacrament" of re-birth in a dead language at that! "A return [mark the term!] to the language of the people is a basic step towards a living liturgy."

"We can put up with a certain formalism, a certain amount of routine in the procedure of parliaments or law courts. But man's intercourse with God must be carried out in spirit and truth. . . . Where the understanding of a rite has disappeared, there enters the danger of 'superstition'—which in its etymological sense is 'something that survives only materially' " [*superstes*]. Much in our liturgy has thus become a "dead form" like a "vestigial organ" of the body.

This condition has the danger to our innermost church of taking life out of its most sacred precinct, its sacramental mystery, the one great thing that distinguished Christ from rabbis, scribes and pharisees: sincerity, what He Himself termed "worship in Spirit and Truth." Here Father Doncoeur puts his finger on the often implicit, but always present, motive of the liturgical movement. Its dilettantes and faddists may acclaim it for esthetic, archeological or neurotic reasons. But those who stood by it for twenty and thirty years, often misunderstood, ridiculed and ignored, never lost sight of their true aim, of which style, art, architecture, pomp and color were either prerequisites or, as with pomp, disturbing by-products mistaken for the real thing. The true concern was always not to let the adept down at the threshold of the mystery and to free the initiate from ritualistic performance dangerously close to superstition.

That there is a deep desire in Catholics for true mystery was recently demonstrated when some skilfully managed publicity made the path of the "Pilgrim Statue of Fatima" in many places something equal to medieval pageant and revival. Whatever else one may think of the presentation, of its taste, of its dogmatic correctness and the wisdom of some of this publicity, it showed that the American Catholic is as desirous of touching the hem of God's mantle, of seeing His "back" like Moses or hearing His "small still voice" like Elias, as any prophet, any pilgrim in Compostella, any Mahometan in Mecca, any Hindu in Benares or any revivalist in the South.

What is tragic is the anticlimax of our practice to the climax of our teaching. The "splendor of truth" suddenly fades into a drab, puritan or timidly jansenist gray when we take a convert's hand and lead him from the world of light in dogma and Gospel into that most shock-resisting, ironclad, and unchangeable institution of the average "Sunday parish Mass," whose only procession in most cases is the one with the baskets, whose only "logos" is the one about the next card party, whose only splendor are the countless and rewarding little votive lights on side altars and chaotically arranged superfluities of shrines. Where is that celebrating throng of baptized sons of God, singing psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles, as Paul asked us to do, united as one body in that banquet, which the martyrs and fathers called the "Lord's Supper" and "Breaking of the Bread?"

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THIS IS a very serious matter. The attempts which are being made to attract the faithful beyond the threshold — dialogue Mass, Mass sung by the whole congregation, the Roman way of facing the people from behind the sacrificial banquet table called "altar" are no extravagances of a few, "out of touch" with the people, but just the opposite. If a mere statue and the mystery surrounding its provenance can fill large cathedrals day and night, then there must be something basically wrong with our way of proffering the real "mysteries" instituted by Christ: the Eucharist, baptism, confirmation and the others.

It would be unrealistic to ask the Church to change the law prescribing attendance at Mass on Sundays as a grave matter of conscience; in other words, of using the whip of Hell and damnation. An honest and humble Christian knows that love of the Supreme Good in this damaged nature of ours is never strong enough to dispense entirely with the fear of eternal loss. But when this "obligation" becomes all that brings us hither or if it were only the feeling that "it would not be a real Sunday without Mass" that makes us go like sheep, then the mysteries have lost their splendor.

It is a strange thing that fear of missing the outward performance on one hand and on the other the emphasis on the inner man only, on the devotion of the heart, should be the chief reasons why our liturgy finally became, in the eyes of the unlettered and of the lukewarm, the fossil it seems to be in our day! The people who were consistent in this "pure religion of the heart" and went the whole way finally became Quakers or un-churched religious people. But to try that on a Church which is "incarnational," institutional, which has a visible head, a formulated creed, shrines and rites, is the same as building a magnificent cathedral like Chartres for show and then worshipping in a shack behind it! John A. Moehler more than a century ago pointed out the crypto-manicheism of the Reformers, the sneaking Platonism of those who reduced man to

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a spirit exiled in an evil body; and yet, after paying due lip-service to the double nature of man, honorably mentioning resurrection, and reciting by rote that Christ assumed a full human nature, we act in our churches as if we just returned from a course preached by John Knox himself—except for the *"superstes,"* those things that somehow survived "materially" — those things that are outward signs, whether original or derived.

It is most fortunate to find in these Jesuits such a formidable array of learned men concerned about this, men whose ascetic and spiritual training goes back to a master who had certainly freed himself from the "superstes" of the Middle Ages. It goes to show that the present liturgical concern is not pageantry, archeology, medieval music revived, but the man of the twentieth century confronted with the "theandric" fact of Jesus, the Son of Mary and of the Father, as his Savior.

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FATHER Doncoeur makes deservedly much of the failings of the "human quotient" involved in the Incarnation of Christ through space and time—the Church—of the "malformations, deviations and sclerosis" that must beset her as an institution, of conservatism that is venerable but dangerous, as all this, especially if it is performed in a dead language and appears almost as magic reserved to the priest, instead of being its self, worship in Spirit and Truth; we cannot fail to see that something is wrong, even with the best. We cannot fail to see that that delicate balance between the law-abiding servant and the free son, between fear and love, has been precariously tipped so that rabbinism, to the degree of legalism and even superstition, is a real spiritual danger, which cannot be averted by all the many, fine and well-organized activities this side of the threshold of the sanctuary.

Because the essence of Christianity is not to be a new doctrine or philosophy, nor new economics or a new form of society, nor a new theosophy, but simply the Incarnation. We may reduce our sacramental "system" to a set of spiritual hypodermics, ghostly vitamin pills, candy for the good; we may degrade Jesus into a colleague, a better one of course, of Buddha, Mohammed, Joseph Smith and Mary Baker Eddy; and that is what I say we are doing in our parishes, convents, schools and colleges—in spite of fine words to the contrary and apologetic defense of a territory that is as far from our real footing as Sinai from Jerusalem—we do treat the "mysteria Christi" as negligible. Unless we accept this as right we will have to accept and do the doctrine summarized in *Mediator Dei* and *Mystici Corporis*. And if we do that, men like Father Doncoeur, Father Jungmann and Father Howell have just opened our eyes. It is for us then to find the road.

Reform in itself can, for a Catholic, only come from the authority that holds the keys. However, it will remain so much legislation and hollow exhortation if we do not see its scope. As long as the multitudes seem to feel no need, and cautious leaders whisper not to waken sleeping issues, we shall almost coast to an abrupt stop—until there is suddenly a bang and an awakening. Will these voices cry in their wilderness for beasts and birds and a few straying tourists only, or shall we also go out and see them?

Loyalty Affidavits

FRANCIS DOWNING

THE CIO, like a good many of us, has been enclosed by the ambivalence which makes this generation's life a dilemma, where the difficulty of decision constitutes part of the ordeal of liberalism. It is the hardship of all of us who prize integrity and strive to fashion lives suitable to our sense of self-respect and of freedom from undue outward restraint.

To Mr. Philip Murray the refusal to testify by affidavit that he is not a Communist seems plainly an adherence to principle. He has, until now, resisted such a declaration as violative of political secrecy not merely, but because it invites him to join in gratuitous insult to his probity and character. It is as if Lucrece were compelled to swear to her fidelity.

But the pressure contained within the Taft-Hartley Law is hydraulic, and has the force to bend and even break. All manner of unions are going down before it, Communist and non-Communist alike. Unions which have resisted it have found that they have given hostages to fortune. Like the man who has married and has children they are finding it less easy to be so independent as to be anarchic. Anarchy is the correct word, because the Taft-Hartley Law does not compel unions to be obedient to this section of it. It makes protection by the National Labor Relations Board a privilege, which unions can enjoy or do without as they please. But if they wish to avail themselves of the privilege they must sign the non-Communist affidavits. The NLRB sits back with the apparent indifference of a girl who has secretly discovered her boy friend has bought an engagement ring.

The reasons for surrender by CIO unions differ one from the other. So long as Mr. Murray, who has now announced the end of his resistance, failed to sign he gave the Communists a claim to respectability of which they made constant and hypocritical use. I was present at the UAW convention at which Walter Reuther argued successfully

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in favor of signing. The Communist delegates, taking the floor in strident opposition, all alleged they were devotees of Mr. Murray and, like him, were moved by the same purity of motive. Mr. Murray has now robbed them of the sly comfort of this false argument.

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SINCE it has been known for some time that Mr. Murray would reverse his field, the Communists have been in an awkward position. If they are forced to leave the CIO, by action of the coming October convention, or decide to secede from it, then they must be in good standing with the Government. For if they have not signed the non-Communist affidavit they cannot get on NLRB election ballots, and will lose to other unions as they have been doing. Nor can they protest against management on the ground of unfair labor charges, since the NLRB will not recognize them. Even their collective bargaining relations will suffer. For instance the UE, in the current Singer strike in New Jersey, offered to sign the affidavits in return for concessions from the company. The offer was refused; because a local union cannot sign, whose International is in noncompliance. But the offer is overt recognition of their present difficulty.

They have sought three quite different exits from their maze. Each of them is an exercise in merely technical compliance. There is, first the case of one Max Perlow. Perlow is that unusual labor leader—an admitted Communist. Perlow signed the non-Communist affidavit recently, after announcing that he had resigned from the Party but had not repudiated its doctrine.

Perhaps it might be well at this point to cite the words of the non-Communist oath:

> I am not a member of the Communist Party or affiliated with such Party. I do not believe in, and I am not a member of, nor do I support, any organization that believes in or teaches the overthrow of the United States by force or by any illegal or unconstitutional methods.

Perlow, secretary-treasurer of the CIO United Furniture Workers of America, has, by this action, qualified his union for a place on the ballot with contending unions in an organizational campaign. As everyone knows a labor union can represent workers, and act as their exclusive collective bargaining agent, only when it has been certified by the National Labor Relations Board following an election by employees.

The NLRB, on July 21, gave the Furniture workers a place on the ballot on which 1600 workers of the American Seating Co., Grand Rapids, Michigan, shall choose their agent from among Perlow's outfit, the UAW-CIO, and the AFL Upholsterers' union.

Perlow's peculiar position, however, gave the NLRB some trouble. Four members of the five-man board, voted to let Perlow's union on the ballot, holding that it was not the business of the board to investigate the truth or falsity of properly executed affidavits. They held that those who raised the question of falsification or fraud must seek recourse from the Justice Department. The dissenting member, J. Copeland Gray, characterized Perlow's act as "effrontery," saying: "it is difficult for me to reconcile this averment with the profession of continued adherence to the Doctrine of the Communist Party. If, as I believe to be the case, the public statement contradicts the affidavit, we are not required to give effect to the affidavit. I do not believe that the Act requires the board to stultify itself by honoring an affidavit that, in my opinion, has been repudiated in advance . . . that is not the sort of affidavit contemplated by Section 9 (h)." The section referred to is, of course, part of the Taft-Hartley Law.

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ANOTHER method is one long expected by those of us who are, or were, part of the labor movement. It is now being tried by the CIO Food and Tobacco Workers. The president of that union, Donald Henderson, finding that he could not, without perjury, sign the affidavit, resigned his position. He was succeeded by John Tisa, who, with other officers of the union, complied with the requirements of the law.

Now this, like the Perlow technique, is a trick. For Henderson, on his resignation as president, became something called "national administrative director." In effect he is as much in control of the union as he ever was. But since, technically, he is not an officer he felt he was absolved from compliance to the non-Communist oath. This practice is known as eating your cake and having it, too. The NLRB has upheld the proverb respecting this by rejecting the loyalty affidavits of Mr. Tisa and his fellow-officers, holding that Henderson must sign or prove he is no longer an officer. If Henderson can get away with this trick, James Matles and Julius Emspak (Louis Budenz's "Comrade Juniper") of the UE are going to find that life has lost much of its savor.

Finally there is the CIO Mine, Mill and Smelters Workers Union. Its present officers are able, technically, to comply with the loyalty test. They have now agreed to do so. Their given grounds are not without interest. "1. The shameful betrayal of labor's fight for repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act, and as part of that betrayal. 2. The adoption of raiding, gangsterism and strike-breaking as official policy by reactionaries (sic) in the leadership of the CIO." This is familiar to those who read my July 8 column.

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All the ways their agile minds can devise are being sought by the Communists to be Communists, to keep control of their unions, and to build themselves safe islands when they are expelled, as it now seems they will be from the CIO. Their increasing attacks on Mr. Murray, the charges of treason and the exclusive claim of "progressive unionism," indicate that they know the long armistice is over. The cold war is on and the tension increases with each day. The Communists are coupling trickery with growing audacity. Hence the statement of Grant Oakes, FE president on Mr. Murray's stewardship: "What goes on in the CIO today is in a way as direct and brutal as the lineup of the labor political front under Hitler in Germany."

Attack, in this case, is a sign of defeat and the affidavits are resorted to by men acutely and uneasily aware of the UAW resolution, at Milwaukee, to set up CIO Organizing Committees and "to make available sufficient manpower and funds to organize the millions of unorganized workers . . . and to provide a home within the family of CIO for those *organized workers* in these fields who have been betrayed by Communist Party line leadership which subordinates the need of workers to the demands of the party line." The actual meaning of this resolution, and its patent sincerity, the actual threat to take workers away from the Communist-led unions, are not lost on men like Matles, Oakes and Henderson. They know that Mr. Reuther will introduce this resolution at the CIO Convention in October. And they know that now Mr. Murray's signing means that his steelworkers union will aid the CIO Organizing Committees. The battle about the affidavits, therefore, is over.

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THE MOTIVES of Mr. Murray in not taking the loyalty oath, so to speak, were not altogether pure. For his original refusal belongs to his Yalta period, to the days when he not only believed he could do business with the Communists but in which he thought it expedient not to embarrass them.

Neither are his motives in agreeing to file the affidavits as simple as I have seemed to make them here. His announced grounds for reversing his position are that his own union has been suffering in its organizational drives by its inability to get on NLRB election ballots. This, of course, is true. But there is more to it than that. The hearings before Mr. Truman's fact-finding board are another spur to Mr. Murray's horse. If the board should find that US Steel ought to bargain on pensions, or, indeed, on a wage increase, and US Steel should still resist such persuasion, Mr. Murray would have no recourse save to a strike. The President might enjoin the union from striking. But with Mr. Murray in good standing, he can charge the steel companies with unfair labor practices before the NLRB, for it has long been the position of NLRB that collective bargaining consists in more than rejection of a union's demands.

Thus the pragmatism of the left and of the right have run together like railroad tracks that began a long way back and far off. Unable to repeal Taft-Hartley, everyone has come in out of the cold sleet, under the same sheltering umbrella. But they glare at one another like all enemies who have had a somewhat common history, with almost equal hatred. Now that Mr. Murray, arch protestant of the affidavits, has compelled them all to sign, ironically drawn them all in, constrained them to reshuffle their greasy pack, compelled them to seek the protection of government, he can drive them out of his house, suspect, forlorn, uneasy, splintered, forever stamped, shaking violently like a deprived hophead, seeking sustenance from Stalin whom they have so publicly abjured.

Communications

The College Assembly Line

Youngstown, Ohio

TO THE Editors: Both you and Willis Nutting are to be congratulated for two excellent articles dealing with the problems facing our colleges. The author has exposed certain very serious weaknesses which many educators are either too blind to see or too helpless to remedy. A large number of small institutions would probably agree enthusiastically with Dr. Nutting about the defects of the credit system, yet find themselves unable to bear the financial strain of abandoning accepted assembly-line methods in favor of his more generalized program.

The collegiate Utopia proposed would certainly eliminate most of the dead wood which has found its way into our universities as a result of the so-called G.I. Bill of Rights. Of course, the veterans' education program has made a college degree available to many deserving students; but it has also intensified mechanized education to the point where throngs of young men are now taking the line of least resistance to a diploma by accumulating "snap" courses for credit.

I sincerely hope that Dr. Nutting will soon offer a more detailed program for putting his ideals and principles into practice; for it seems that there are still many questions left unanswered. Granted that the college should furnish, above all else, a liberal education for the fullest spiritual and intellectual development of the student. Granted, too, the maxim that we should have "education for living, not for making a living." The

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fact remains that the modern college is also the means of training the student for the business and professional worlds. I am interested in knowing whether such specialized education would fit into Dr. Nutting's program, and, if so, how it would be administered. Does the author propose a system like that of St. John's or the University of Chicago in which the student receives no professional training until he has completed a thorough liberal education? In this case, Dr. Nutting's formal courses without credit and "multitude of activities" seem ideal for the liberal arts program. But would they prove satisfactory for the later specialized training?

For example, a student might do quantities of guided reading, participate in seminars, do independent research, join student clubs, and follow all Dr. Nutting's other suggestions for stimulating and satisfying his intellectual curiosity, yet still not be adequately prepared for medicine, engineering, or teaching. What substitute for the credit system would the author suggest to insure that the student will be qualified to enter a particular field of work after graduation? One solution might be the granting of degrees, licenses, and certificates on the basis of examinations, rather than credits. But this method, too, has its obvious limitations and dangers.

As a high school teacher with an A.B. degree from a small Catholic college and a recently-acquired M.A. from a secular university, I am greatly interested in the problem which Dr. Nutting proposes to solve. May Catholic educators everywhere take up his challenge and liberate us from the tyranny of the assembly-line!

JANE WALSH.

Portuguese Pilgrimage

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO THE EDITORS: I was rather pleased to verify that Thomas More's classification of servants along with parasites (since they served a nobility that did nothing but shine . . .) has supplied Hilda van Stockum (COMMONWEAL, August 12) a goodly springboard for her own intelligent observations about the Christian status of the family servant. (Did I not write that some critics, like Saint Thomas More, were harder and went further?) The only thing I objected to, in my review of "Portuguese Pilgrimage," was the author's excuse for "rather low wages" paid to the workers: "But how notably servants are part of the family!"

The fact that a few people are not exploited in factory or on farm because they were privileged to obtain domestic work in a kindly family will never justify a National Corporate Economy extorting from a man, or from a woman, a hard day's work for what corresponds, in purchasing power, to 50, 60 or 80 American cents.

Now if a laborious family, besides paying decent wages, is so good as to prepare its servants and its maids to found in due time their own families, there is no doubt that only silly girls who want to run off with the first handsome playboy would prefer factory labor to domestic work.

In spite of the present spirit abroad, which is the "enemy of the family"—I know many girls, in Corporate State paradises, who would leave their country at once and come to America to serve in homes (get them room quickly in the immigration quota . . .) for they would get more here in the way of a *family wage* than do their future husbands, white collar workers or simple laborers, trying to get ready financially, for future marriage.

In all these explanations I align myself with Hilda van Stockum, even—I think—when insisting on *family wages;* for the status of Christian family servants does not put away their own future marriage. Only the pagan family was served by eunuchs.

REVEREND J. A. CORREIA.

Parcels for Europe

SISTER LEONARDA MARIA of Brussels has written of two convents of her Order (Sisters of the Poor Child Jesus) currently in great need of food and clothing. The addresses are:

Rev. Mother Maria Simon Petra
Marienheim—Hopfengasse 8
Erfurth,
Russian Zone, Germany

Rev. Mother Superior Alexia
Jakobstrasse 21
Aix-la-Chapelle, Rhineland
British Zone, Germany

Carmen Delores Welch of R.F.D. 1, Ramsey, Illinois, writes that her House of Hospitality is in need of postage funds to mail their food and clothing parcels overseas. She also appeals for packages for:

Rev. George Raffler
Woernitzstein
bei Donauwoerth, Bavaria
American Zone, Germany

Rev. P. Thimotheus
St. Joseph Mission House
Reimlingen 13-C
American Zone, Germany

CARE of 50 Broad Street, New York 4, N. Y., has a large variety of food and clothing packages available for sending overseas; the standard food package is $10, and then there is a thrift package costing $5.50. CARE's latest project is to replenish the war-wrecked libraries of Europe. On July 15 the University of Louvain, Belgium, accepted 18 volumes which constituted a token of a shipment of $1,000 worth of medical, nursing, public health and applied science books sent by 18 American donors. SAFE of 40 Exchange Place, New York, N. Y., specializes in sending out standard $10 and other speed vouchers which enable the recipient in Europe to secure food ordered in America in less than two weeks.

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Catholic International News

First Italian "Girls' Town"

TWO AND A HALF years ago a group was formed in Washington, D. C., to aid destitute and abandoned girls in Italy. Eight months later Mrs. Maria Tinta Rocca, a naturalized American citizen, opened her first "Domus Nostra" home at Grottaferrata, twenty miles from Rome. Today it shelters twenty-two adolescent girls and a staff of five. A doctor, a dentist and a case worker are in regular attendance, while two teachers instruct the first five elementary grades. The girls also study the techniques of gardening and homemaking.

A remarkable spirit informs the first Domus Nostra. In keeping with the needs of the girls, it is de-institutionalized as much as possible. It is the nearest thing to the home of a private family. The girls do not wear uniforms; they make their own rules and themselves distribute the household's work assignments. Domus Nostra is inspired by mutual love and trust, and each girl is allowed wide personal freedom. At the age of 18 she is ready to take a useful and honored place in the world.

The Domus Nostra technique has proved so successful that Mrs. Rocca and her associates are eager to extend it. Once a small farm has been secured, the household will be able to become more self-sustaining. To build the necessary modest cottage-pavilion facilities planned for 90 girls will require $80,000. Once that is achieved Mrs. Rocca plans to establish new homes in other Italian cities, for the need is still great. Ultimately the objective is to found similar households in other countries, beginning with Germany.

At present the original American Council for Domus Nostra (1644 Park Road, N. W., Washington, D. C.) supplies the bulk of the funds for daily living expenses. Similar councils are now forming in a half dozen other American cities to raise funds for the expansion of the first Domus Nostra and eventually for the founding of new homes. These committees will also gather and send food and clothing.

Italian Bishops Call for Justice

"BETTER MUTUAL understanding on the national and international level may contribute to the solution of the dangerous unemployment situation and may give to all who are willing to work the possibility of honest employment at just wages," the Hierarchy of Tuscany declared at a conference recently held at Florence under the chairmanship of Cardinal dalla Costa. There are four Archdioceses, 20 Dioceses and one Abbatia Nullius in Tuscany.

"We lift our voices for a severe condemnation of that egoism which, at this hour, does not feel the social duty of human solidarity and continues to consider profit and individual gain as the supreme measure of all activity," the statement declared. "With the same severity, we denounce any form of class struggle, any incitement to disorder, hatred and sabotage, which lead fatally to the ruin of all." (Rome 8/9—CIP)

"Pope's Summer Camps"

ABOUT 270,000 Italian children, among them 15,000 from the City of Rome, attended the first "turno" (term) of the summer camps of the Papal Relief Commission (*Pontificia Commissione Assistenza*), which ended a few days ago. The second "turno" has started and will last until August 30, to be followed by a third. The total number of children to be accommodated in what is popularly known as "the Pope's summer camps" is expected to surpass 800,000.

A few days ago, 750 children arrived from Germany and Austria to attend the summer camp of Cattolica. Some of them are German and Austrian children; others are the sons and daughters of Italians living in Germany and Austria. (Rome 8/10—CIP)

French Social Study Week

"ECONOMIC DEMOCRACY, i.e., an economic order oriented towards the welfare of the people under the supervision of the people," is an absolute condition, "at least in these days," for genuine democracy and liberty, according to the findings of the 36th Social Study Week (*Semaine Sociale*) of the French Catholics, held at Lille, July 17-24. In discussing "Economic Realism and Social Progress," the Lille speakers emphasized that problems in France had to be viewed against a background of "economic recession and social antagonism".

The basic problem was defined in a message which Pope Pius XII, through his Acting Secretary of State, Monsignor G. B. Montini, addressed to the "Semaine Sociale": "There can be no incompatibility between a realistic evaluation of facts, statistics and the laws of economics, on the one hand, and a social order legitimately imbued with aspirations toward more justice and humanity on the other. . . . Social Catholics have sometimes been accused of pursuing an ideal too high to become a reality. . . . By viewing economic life as a function of social progress, they (the Catholics) are equally far away from laissez-faire liberalism and from the tyranny of atheistic materialism. They believe that *economic life must serve man, his liberty and his Christian dignity, and thereby the common good.*"

According to the findings of the "Semaine Sociale", economic democracy requires an "autonomous economic function of the State" which should obtain "the cooperation of vocational groups". When discussing practical examples in this field, Professor Vedel, of the Law School of Paris University, mentioned in particular the Tennessee Valley Authority.

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The former Belgian Prime Minister, Paul van Zeeland, declared that the countries of Europe are too small to ensure economic prosperity and social progress in isolation. "There will be a united and prosperous Europe, or no Europe at all", he declared. The "findings" accepted this point of view by advocating "an international economic order oriented towards the welfare of all mankind". "Since such an international order cannot be established all at once but only gradually", they also advocated "regional federations, especially one which will raise the standard of living in Europe". (Paris 8/13—CIP)

Of Note

International Peace Pilgrimage

TOWARD the end of last month a great pilgrimage took place at Lourdes in the quest for peace. According to Louis Croizier in *La France Catholique* (12 rue Edmond-Valentin, Paris 7):

> The second international congress of *Pax Christi* brought together at Lourdes more than 25,000 pilgrims from all nations: English, Scotch, Belgian, German, Italian, Ukrainian, Spanish, Austrian, Hungarian, Polish, French, Dutch, Swiss, American, etc. Three cardinals: Schuster, Saliège and Gerlier, surrounded by some forty archbishops and bishops from thirty-four countries, gave to these three days that Catholic ceremoniousness which is full of serenity and grandeur.
>
> Bishop Théas was indeed justified in saying: "This week Lourdes becomes an anticipated vision of the heavenly Jerusalem. There are in this city of Mary Immaculate a great crowd from every nation, from every tribe, from every people and of every tongue."
>
> . . . The pilgrimage reached its height at the Pontifical Mass celebrated by Cardinal Schuster, Archbishop of Milan, who presided at the Congress. These pilgrims, many of whom had been bitter enemies in recent fratricidal wars, which continue to rend humanity, partook of the same Bread, the Eucharistic Bread and they expressed the sentiment: "We have fought one another like lions, let us love one another now as brothers."
>
> . . . The eagerly awaited allocution of Cardinal Schuster was translated into German and Spanish and it did not disappoint the expectant throng. . . . [He summarized the objectives of this international pilgrimage]: "Over and against all human mystiques aiming at a unity which is purely bureaucratic or political and does not enter into the hearts of men, there stands the Catholic mystique seeking to elevate all those who are born of God. I say that, from the different regions of Europe, we are gathered together at Lourdes to ask of the Immaculate Virgin—who is the Biblical symbol of the Church—the gift of Christian peace."

International Film Conference

DELEGATES from thirteen countries met in London last month on the instance of the *Office Catholique International du Cinema*. At a special Mass Father Hilary Carpenter, O.P. urged the delegates to "use this instrument with its great appeal to the imagination through sight and sound for God's purpose and for the good of mankind. . . ." According to Grace Conway's report in the *Catholic Herald* (67 Fleet St., London, E.C.4):

> Delegates spent four crowded days at the International Centre of the Newman Association discussing (a) the economic and cultural relationships between OCIC and the cinema industry as a whole; (b) the possibility of organizing a crusade of prayer for the film apostolate; and (c) the share the OCIC will take in the celebrations of Holy Year in Rome.
>
> Films of special Catholic interest shown in the evening included *Le Sorcier du Ciel*—Life of the Curé d'Ars, and the premier in Great Britain of the French film in which the Pope spoke in English. This was subsequently televised in France and America.
>
> Two Hungarians, MM. Berczi, who now live in Paris and whose specialty is making documentaries, showed their film of the events in the life of Cardinal Mindszenty and Britain was represented by the excellent film of the Walsingham pilgrimage, which, with the German *Ad Honorem Dei* was shown at the Tatler Cinema. *Joan of Arc* and *Scott of the Antarctic* were the feature films chosen for the week.

The Negro Apostolate

THE Josephite Fathers, who are dedicated to the Colored Missions here in the United States now have 212 priests engaged in this work, according to the *Colored Harvest* (1130 N. Calvert St., Baltimore 2, Maryland). Here are two news items from the current issue:

> The first interracial monastery initiated by the Benedictine Order in this country is planned for St. Dennis, Ky. In the words of Rt. Rev. Alcuin Deutsch, Abbott of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., the new monastery is being established as a practical example of race-problem amelioration.
>
> ★
>
> The Rev. Vincent Warren, S.S.J., chaplain of Mobile's Bl. Martin de Porres Hospital, informed the Catholic Interracial Forum of New York City that prayer and a tremendous effort helped change a 10-bed maternity hospital into a $560,000 Catholic institution for Negro patients and made hospital facilities available for the first time to Negro doctors in Mobile, Ala. . . .

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The Stage & Screen

Westport Country Playhouse

IT'S TOO HOT to think. It's too hot to drink, to dream, to collapse; or to guess, consider, argue, plot, plan or plumb and write it down. In these Connecticut purlieus, the sky is hot white, the trees are hot brown and the leftover grass has visible shimmers. Even the ocean is nothing more than hot water. It would be intelligent certainly not to write this review, or any review. On the other hand, some gratitude is unquestionably due the Playhouse for allowing me to gasp through their two latest offerings and I am very grateful indeed.

As a matter of fact, I should like to say at once that the production excellencies of these two shows seemed to me astounding, and I only wish I could have been on hand early enough to have watched the season from the beginning. The Turgenev "Month In The Country" and Lynn Riggs's new play, "Out Of Dust," were superlatively cast and directed. Perhaps it will seem exaggerated to call both these offerings directors' triumphs, but I think the term is just.

Garson Kanin's handling of the Russian comedy was extremely slick. There was ingenious business supplementing each characterization and the ensemble work of the company—particularly counting the short rehearsal time—was fine. The pity is, that as judiciously and sympathetically as Mr. Kanin has managed to steer his other actors, he does not appear to have had as much success with the star, Ruth Gordon. Miss Gordon was essaying the provocative Natalia, and I must admit the spectacle was remarkable. It will be no secret that this actress has long been considered in this column as one of the best of our character comedians, but in her last three tries she has been wrestling with the idea of proving herself some sort of period "Grande Dame" and anything sillier cannot be imagined. In order to force herself to this hurdle, she has become so weighted by mannerisms that she can't make the leap at all. In this effort, her master-gesture could only be called the conventional hitch-hiker's and this imperative thumb, allied to her new, loud, and pouncing mode of diction adds up to the grotesque rather than anything real, moving, or even possible. I wish someone could persuade Miss Gordon that she doesn't *have* to play the aristocrat at this stage of the game. It is important to add that while she was not on the stage the thing took on all its original charm and grace. That excellent actor, Edmon Ryan, was perfectly suited to the thoughtful role of Rakitin; and severally, Diana Rivers, Scott McKay, Howard St. John, and E. G. Marshall were splendid.

Somewhat more serious, Mary Hunter's staging of the new Riggs piece was equally skilled. I am uncertain just how much one ought to disclose of a tryout which is scheduled to appear as the first of the Theatre Guild's offerings on Broadway this fall. In any case, as I have explained above, the weather does honestly preclude any exhaustive examination of Mr. Riggs's analogies. Superficially, I will say his story of murder (make that plural), in the prairie sometime in the nineties, has got any number of biblical connotations and it has a fairly absorbing first act. It also has some poetry but, I'm afraid, of a cliché variety. This is regrettable as the performance is again superlative and Helen Craig, Barry Kroeger, Edwin Jerome, Joan Lorring—in fact, the entire cast—work surely and admirably. Robert Edmond Jones's somewhat "Rodeo" setting is surprisingly and nicely simple. Just here, I should also like to mention the mountings for the Turgenev piece done by Elfi Von Kanzow. These were really gay and amusing: a good job.

Sell-out performances on both occasions indicate that the Theatre Guild's idea of a summer laboratory theatre works very well. I should escape the city in the direction of Westport if you are feeling theatrically inclined.

KAPPO PHELAN.

Keep Cool with Coolidge

I'M GLAD to be able to report this week about a couple of movies that offer an excuse for going into a theater other than its air-cooling system. Of course much depends on what kind of entertainment relaxes you best and makes you forget the weather.

If you want to be chilled through and through by a lot of scary excitement, then *"The Window"* is your film. It tells an amazingly simple story about a little boy in New York slums. His vivid imagination cooks up such wild tales that practically no one believes him. So when this youngster, while sleeping on the fire escape one very hot night, actually sees the couple upstairs commit a murder, he is unable to convince anyone with his report. Hs asks his mother and father, who are naturally quite worried about the boy's over-stimulated imagination, "If you see a thing with your own eyes, it can't be a dream, can it?" And when the mother takes the lad upstairs to make him apologize to the murderers for the story he is telling, his blood runs cold. And so will yours—for then you realize, as does the boy, that this evil couple must kill him. It would be entirely unfair to tell how this situation works out, but I can tell you that "The Window" will keep you on the edge of your chair throughout its entire 73 minutes running time.

Producer Frederick Ullman, Jr., made most of this good film right in New York City. Its street scenes are authentic and Director Ted Tetzlaff has used them and his fine cast to best advantage to make his thriller more thrilling. The script, written by Mel Dinelli from a story by Cornell Woolrich, is unusually intelligent and wisely uses the camera more than the sound track to get its effects. The cast cannot be praised too highly: Bobby Driscoll as the confused kid who becomes even more confused when adults refuse to accept reality; Barbara Hale and Arthur Kennedy as his parents who really want to help their boy and in their own confusion mis-

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understand his cries of "Wolf! Wolf!" The supporting cast is also good: Paul Stewart and Ruth Roman as the murderers, and various other minor players as policemen, neighbors, etc., all of whom have been so well directed by Tetzlaff that the picture's spell stays with you long after you have seen its final thrill. Hot or cold weather, "The Window" is worth your attention.

Then again, if it's a good musical that most successfully makes you forget about the thermometer, Al Jolson's voice should do the trick in *"Jolson Sings Again."* You may find that this sequel to "The Jolson Story" runs into plot trouble every now and then, because it is mainly concerned with a middle-aged man's search for happiness which is always escaping him unless he is singing before an enthusiastic audience. This is pretty slim material for a full length movie, but Producer-Writer Sidney Buchman and Director Henry Levin wisely stick in a good song whenever the plot gets too talky; and Larry Parks' charm in impersonating Jolson and Al's good singing (perfectly dubbed in) manage to make us the enthusiastic audience that Jolson himself longs for. Furthermore there is plenty of heart-breaking corn: and if you like theatrical tricks (Jolson singing "The Bells Are Ringing for Me and My Gal" just after his wife divorces him; Jolson singing "Back in Your Own Backyard" even as he hurries from place to place looking for bluebirds) you'll like the good "theater" of this movie. I found it pretty hard to care too much about Jolson's personal problems or to believe that he was the forgotten man he thought he was, but once the story gets closer to the present, I became absorbed in the sequences showing the filming of "The Jolson Story." The supporting cast includes Barbara Hale, Myron McCormick and many others who were in the first film is good; and Parks-Jolson are in top form with songs that are as pleasing today as they have been during the past twenty years.

For those whose tastes run to something more lurid, there's *"Anna Lucasta,"* the film version of Philip Yordan's play about a wayward daughter whose steps down the primrose path were started by her own father. On the stage this play had a Negro cast and a certain dignity to its tragic story. In the movie the plot concerns poor-whites from Pennsylvania whose behavior is supposed to be funny as well as evil. Paulette Goddard throws herself into the title role with a performance that has great abandon but no depth; so when we finally learn the cause of her fall, we have a little difficulty in adjusting our sympathies. Director Irving Rapper allowed most of his cast, which includes Oscar Homolka as the father and Broderick Crawford as the brother-in-law, to lay the pathos and humor on with a trowel. William Bishop, as the young man with four thousand dollars who marries Anna and loves her in spite of her unsavory past, and John Ireland, as a sailor with less honorable intentions, manage to get a little sincerity in their portrayals. Perhaps our sympathies should go to Bishop whose troubles are just beginning at the film's contrived finale.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books

The Eagle in the Egg. Oliver La Farge. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.
The Army Air Forces In World War II, Volume II, Europe—August 1942 to December 1943. Edited by W. F. Craven and J. L. Cate. Chicago. $6.

OLIVER LA FARGE, anthropologist and Pulitzer prize-winning novelist, has applied his talents skilfully and engagingly in the story of the Army Air Forces' Air Transport Command, a tremendous contributor to victory in the hot war, and forerunner of the great weapon of the cold war, the Berlin Air Lift.

With a happy minimum of controversial claims and ponderous, statistics-ridden discussions of strategy, La Farge traces the development of military air transport from next to nothing in December, 1941, to the powerful "eagle" that four years later could fly more than 20,000 occupation troops and their equipment into Japan in eleven days. Historical officer of the A.T.C., with the rank of lieutenant colonel, La Farge writes with insight and good humor of the men who foresaw the capabilities of air transport and their struggles against intra-service rivalry and inertia to see that it was intelligently used. Although its activities were generally overshadowed during the war by the more spectacular efforts—and sometimes more adept public relations officers—of the strictly combat units, the A.T.C. had its share of important missions, including the famous India-China Hump operation, in strange places all over the world. La Farge, who had personal contact with many of them, and access to records of others, describes them and the odd and exciting stories they produced with a keen appreciation of the crazy paradoxes of war. The much abused wartime officer, incidentally, may get some consolation from this book. The emphasis is heavily on rank, and only six enlisted men are mentioned very briefly by name. Two of these eventually redeemed themselves and became field grade officers before the war ended.

There is a feeling of youthfulness and romance to the book, appropriate to the story of a new and significant phase of the air age. But it occasionally develops into a kind of coyness you might find in the annual report of a troop of Girl Scouts. In describing a not too extraordinary case of highjacking supplies of one unit by another, La Farge says, "I am not given to the use of exclamation points, but I think one is justified here!" Also irritating, if unimportant, are the wrong definitions and misuse of common Army terms, misspellings and typographical errors that dot the work. In the spirit of unification, however, let's forgive the colonel and let the judgment stand. "Eagle in the Egg" is an outstanding piece of organizational history which shows that among the many smart moves made by the A.T.C. high brass, not the least was getting hold of Oliver La Farge as historical officer.

Volume II of the contemplated seven-volume official history of the Army Air Forces covers European operations from the Allied invasion of North Africa to the mounting of the Combined Bomber Offensive against the

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heart of industrial Germany in late 1943. It is a comprehensive, thoroughly-documented work that goes deeply into all phases of Air Force activity, from overall planning to the execution of individual raids. Its chief interest will undoubtedly be for students and historians of air warfare. There are, however, some frank and startling admissions about exaggerated Air Force claims, that are of particular general interest during the current controversy over the wisdom of placing all our offensive eggs in the strategic bombing basket.

PAUL FARRELL.

The Best American Short Stories 1949. *Edited by Martha Foley. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.50.

THE GENERAL reader, Miss Foley advises in her current foreward—her introductory remarks are always a significant, indeed indispensable, part of one's docility before a given annual volume—will find "names that will be brand-new." So she has been telling us for a good many years now. This year, however, all but four or five of her twenty-eight contributors are "new." It is possible, of course, to attribute this phenomenon to a relentless search for fresh talent. But what recondite law operates to make an overwhelming majority of the stories of new writers "best" one year and not in another? As De Tocqueville observed of us, each generation is a new people. Do we each year produce almost a new generation of writers—and readers?

What, one also wishes to know, becomes of short story writers, both new and established, who achieve the rating of "best?" Do they go on writing the best stories, or merely very good ones, or do they continue to write at all? Each year in the "Yearbook" section the "distinctive" (a wider designation than "best" which yet includes it) stories of the past year are listed. A quick check of the 1946 volume (the year during which, Miss Foley confided in *that* foreword, the American short story had a "kind of coming-of-age") shows that of the thirty writers in that volume, all of whom had written best and therefore distinctive stories, only five wrote stories which qualify as tales of distinction this year. Just two writers, Elizabeth Hardwick and Jessamyn West, wrote best stories both years. Truman Capote, Peter Taylor, Caroline Gordon, and Walter Van Tilburg Clark did not write distinctive stories this year. But F. Scott Fitzgerald did. He is credited with two, in fact.

★

IT IS precisely the high mortality among short story writers designated distinctive or best by this annual which calls into question Miss Foley's happy prophecy that this year we have at last the vanguard of a new post-war generation. (Considering the turnover, these writers may not even be the vanguard of themselves.) The really curious part of this performance is Miss Foley's awe of herself as recording and selecting instrument. The editor of the rival annual, the O. Henry Memorial volumes, is always assisted by a panel of judges. And one of the intriguing and instructive aspects

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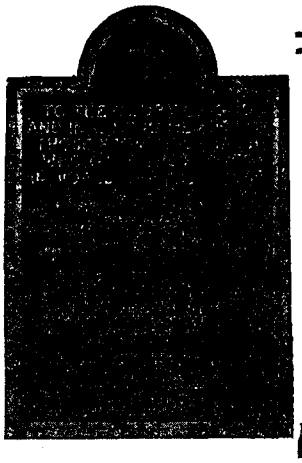

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of the annual selection is the judge's protracted discussion of their voting for prize stories; their criteria, whether one can agree with them or not, get to be known. It was easy to discover the standards of "criticism of life" employed by the late Edward J. O'Brien, founder of the *Best* series, for they were rooted in a civilized taste and in a subjective warmth clearly indicated in his annual comment. He chose the stories (wrote them himself under assumed names, according to Corey Ford's delightful parody of twenty years ago); they did not choose him.

The first story in this year's collection poses the question of where Miss Foley's fancy's bred. "Mighty Mighty Pretty," by George Albee (who besides this best story also had a distinctive story in the *Saturday Evening Post*) is a successful handling of the situation caused by the appearance of a poetic moron among people homey and roughly just. That his pure and inarticulate love for a young girl would lead to "trouble" in almost any community is inevitable enough. Inevitable also, especially, as with Steinbeck's Lennie, in the short story of the 'thirties, would be the tragic ending. This story concludes on a note of deferred hope. But up to the final page there is no indication that the ending will not be a tragic, or at least a saddening, one. Was this story selected to represent a possible trend? If so, is the arguable flaw in its technique—the sentiment of truth flowering inexplicably—to be set aside as negligible because this is a year for best stories with a bearable ending? The editor is too much occupied with contemplating the magazines piled on her floor to tell us.

★

THREE main types of story seem to have caught the editor's eye this year: the folklore story; the story with a child protagonist, often experienced through an adult memory of childhood; and the story of mitigated surprise whose unpredictableness serves as plot. Under all three headings we may distinguish the story as disguised essay. (Miss Foley notes with amusement that two recent best-sellers were short stories disguised as novels.) The folk tales in this volume are slight, but they provide some of its most finished writing. "Of the River and Uncle Pidcock" is a tall fishing tale, vigorous in its banter, and measured and predictable as a ballad. Equally sure in their colonizing of native ground are the tale of the dream appearances of the great figures of American history to great-grandfather, and the brief yarn about father and the circus.

The child fathers some effective stories. "The Vacation" is a searching portrayal of parental tug-of-war over a small boy whose father tries (unfeelingly) to keep him from being "a mother's boy, spindle-legged and alone" by making a sportsman out of him. In "Small Miracle" the mother, who sees her young daughter's interest in a goat in labor as "filthy," is the culprit. T. B. Mabry's "The Vault" has a child culprit; at least he breaks into a tomb intent upon stealing jewels, though the harrowing part is not his experience there but his sense, vividly shown, of the insecurity of the adult nightmare.

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Childhood is a round-trip journey, these stories would persuade us. The child-adult is even more ubiquitous here than the child. A consecrated neighborhood busybody indulges in the benevolence of anonymous letter-writing. An enormous, elemental woman of the city slums bangs on a concrete wall with a rag-handled tong. Two bar-haunting, museum-bounded child-adults are caught in Jean Stafford's sly, gelid prose. In the dry malice of Jessamyn West's "Road to the Isles" a not altogether unadmirable adolescent for the first time sees herself through another's eyes. The thing is subtly, amusingly done. And Miss West's story is in public language, a state only fitfully achieved by the others.

This year's collection is remarkable for the variety in the magazine sources of its material. In addition to the customary quality and little magazines, Miss Foley has gone to the women's magazines, the monthlies distributed by chain stores, and even to *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*. All to the good, of course, but no amount of sensitive antennae darting out can conceal that it was a thin year. RILEY HUGHES.

The Sure Thing. Merle Miller. Sloane. $3.00.

MERLE MILLER, with an almost painful passion and sincerity, has written a novel about a State Department official discharged because of a Congressman's assertion that he is a Communist. Miller has undertaken this rather dangerous subject (dangerous because the politics involved could easily make the intended novel only polemics) with a restraint that keeps his convictions from too badly cajoling his fiction. As a protest against the intimidation of sincere and worthy men because of their past or present 'liberal' sympathies it is an interesting book. But as a novel it is very bad.

He has failed to write a satisfactory novel because he has failed to create characters of any depth. Such another political novelist as Ignazio Silone succeeds because his characters are primary, and the political quality of his work arises from their own nature. Miller has scrupulously reported actions, wisecracks, circumstances, emotions of men who happen to be involved in his plot, but never brings them to any more than the most superficial level of existence. Any sort of spiritual or intellectual depth is indicated by having the character worry and get gentlemanly drunk and bitter. The novel establishes a sort of standard of the modern liberal, based upon his stand on matters such as Fascism, religion, the Spanish Loyalists, Democracy (they are for it), sex, (they are veddy sophisticated about it), Communists, (they repudiated them at the time of the non-aggression pact) and so on and on. Really though, a reviewer should not make fun of this sort of thing, because the real tragedy of the novel (if Miller is to be accepted as an accurate reporter) is its indication of the intellectual aridity of the liberal political philosophy and ethics accepted by so many intelligent, responsible, and often dedicated people.

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These are the protagonists of the novel. Against them are the reactionaries and liberals who have sold out. Miller makes real attempts to picture compassionately an isolationist senator and an FBI agent, but it doesn't come off. With this monotone of Good people and Bad people, both existing at the most inconceivably shallow level of experience and thought, the novel loses all the meaning or tone it could have been given by genuine and comprehending characterization.

The first two-thirds of this novel are the worst. Towards the end Miller's real ability at narration and construction gives the book the beginnings of an exciting texture, but then it's over. And anyway it's hard to see how anyone will get that far, because it's simply not worth the trouble.

WILLIAM PFAFF.

The Borgia Testament. Nigel Balchin. Houghton Mifflin. $3.00.

WAITING for his death at the hands of an enemy at the age of twenty-nine, Cesare Borgia sat down to write his autobiography. Under this guise Mr. Balchin has presented his historical novel. It is cleverly handled. The characters are convincing, and the book is well constructed and written.

The story concerns itself with Borgia's diplomacy and fortunes of war in the corrupt Italian society of the fifteenth century. There is much of the life of his father, Pope Alexander VI, in the tale, and of the play for power of both father and son.

The autobiography of the archtype of Machiavelli's prince should be interesting. I know not whether the fault lies with the man or with the book, but Borgia is lifeless. There is no battle within the man between the principles of good and evil, nor is there sorrow in his life. Without at least one of these elements there can be only a superficial interest. He has written a cold testament for the world to judge. The only argument with his philosophy is in the epilogue, in which the author describes his scringing end and speaks of him as one of the world's most evil men. Somehow this fails to remove the life and death of this unfortunate prince from being a remote and unimportant tale.

ANN HUNTER KEEFE.

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William PFAFF, a new member of THE COMMONWEAL staff, is a recent graduate of Notre Dame, and comes from Columbus, Ga.

Ann Hunter KEEFE is a New York critic who has been associated with the publishing firm, Aladdin Books.

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